take of calling that eminent firm Tovey Brothers. To speak of "Tovey Brothers", in act, to be guilty of a very unjustifiable nisrepresentation - as if the brothers were on an equal footing. Whereas the title "Tovey and Brother" explains itself,

is only Tovey with a limitation. In the house itself the one is always known as Mr. Tovey, and the other as Mr. Charles; and if the reader has any thought of opening an account with the firm, it may be useful to him to bear that

siderable way of business, Tovey and Brother will not thank him for his account, they being only wholesale, and wholesale on the very largest scale.

When you enter their place of business, you might wonder (if every one did not know already) what it is they deal in. A few scores of little bottles ranged on shelves, and filled with various colored liquids and powders; a few scores of little polished mahogany cases, each with its printed Latin label; this is all in the way

of stock that meets the eye. But when you see the long array of well-bound ledgers, journals, cash books, you need no further assurance that they lo deal in something more than little

When you see Mr. Toyey and Mr. Charles, you need not be told that they are prosperous men, and that their rosy faces and portly shapes are those of men who have long known something about bigger bottles than any you see upon their

Ordinarily, however, you might go in without much chance of seeing either of them. To get to their private offices you have to go through the clerks' office first, and then through Mr. Splutter's. And unless your business is of very unusual importance, you will find it quite within the capacity of one of the clerks, or, they failing, then certainly within Mr. Splutter's, without interruption to the news-

paper of either of the principals. I myself confess that I never in point of fact got behind the clerks' office, and have always had a very considerable awe of Mr. Splutter, the great men's great man,

Not that he was ever anything but very civil to me when he saw me; but he had a singular inability sometimes to see me As for Mr. Tovey and Mr. Charles, I

don'ttthink they ever did see me. It was to my father that my visits were paid. I used to call on my way from minutes before he was ready to walk home with me. He was one of their young men in the clerks' office. There were, if I en, here it is."

Bog gone and put a notice in the paper to make us believe he has got married. Listwar?"

"I don't quite know." said Rasper. school, and generally had to wait a few remember rightly, about ten of them, all of whom had been young men a very considerable time, and many of whom had rector, Mr. Thomas Frederick Bog, of said Mr. Splutter, "for Bog's holiday younger men and women at home, their Highbury, to Emily, only daughter of the seems to have put him in rare fighting

In the eyes of the house, however, any one was a young man under sixty.

I remember that office as a model of staid decorum and gravity. Everything | rently went on as if by machinery. There was a time for everything, and everything done in its time. A place for everything, and everything in its place. I could have found it easy to believe that the very height of each clerk's collar was regulated by office per, as he finished, "very creditable for a "Here," said Mr. Bog, "in good time

ever, so stiff that a man cannot laugh in Not one in the office believed a word of One was of middle age, or apparently it; and a good deal of quiet fun went on it, of course. "Neither do I," said Ras—somewhat over the middle age, wearing

He did not often say ill-natured things, own apartment.

system of single state of the stable state of the state of the stable state of the stable state of the stable state of the s A respite came to him twice a year

from all this worrying. was the custom of the house to let their traveling be done by the clerks, instead of and enables any reflecting person to keeping travelers to do nothing else. In understand at once that "Tovey" is this way one or two of them were always Tovey pure and simple,—the head of the out, and all of them in turn had a pleasfirm; while "Brother," though Tovey too, ant relief from the monotony of office

urney. Represent your case once more end. that Leicester girl, and perhaps she'll hange her mind.

ter bring in his round, it was usually the one of his resting-places:

Let the reader judge, therefore, for him-elf, with what effect this bomb-shell fell in the office four days after Mr. Bog was in his usual prompt and business-like mittee, and Mayors Edson and Low will supposed to have started on one of his

It was a provincial paper, not from ed round.

Leicester, but from a city in quite another Mr. Rasper had unfolded it and looked matters in which he took not the slightest interest, and was about to toss it into

even when brushing close past me, and this used to so fill me with perplexity as the whother I should say "Good morning" in the week; " what on earth do I care about them? "Hops two pounds a cwt. It was Mr. Bog himself who received his company in his cosey, well-furnished goose mean by marking these?

At last, however, he did find it, and was

Same day, at St. Ambrose, in this laughing; "we shall see."
City by the Rev. Edward Wheeler, the "You had better not make it war," late Theodore Phillips, Esq., of Kings- order; better say peace.

here's a note appended, editorially appa-"Unusual interest attached to this

by-law, and the style of each chain and seal by fixed specification.

No starch has ever yet been made, how
No starch has ever yet been made, how
No starch last collar was regulated by onice first joke—only it's a little overdone. You'll do better, next time. Now, my Mrs. Bog, and her cousin, Miss Wheeler."

And in came the two ladies as he spoke.

a joke was passed round from stool to stool, and I think I never called there once without hearing some new witticism or some latest joke of Mr. Rasper's.

But at that moment Mr. Splutter and to look upon. "The cousin," said came in, and on being tendered the newspaper, waived the offer, and said, till the child-wife is of age. Just as I was a look of the child-wife is of age. Just as I was a look of the child-wife is of age. Boy as I was, I dare say most of these "Ah, ah, I know all about it. Bog's thought." had to be diluted to suit my comprehension before they were told to me, and suffered in the dilution; but even yet, as then, I think of Mr. Rasper as a fellow of infinite mirth.

I suppose his humor must have dependent and much on manner, tone, and little accided much on manner, ton

dents of place which could not be rendered on paper, for it was generally understood that Mr. Rasper was an ill-used man, in that the could never get any of his good things into print.

But not the less, whether his wit were up to or below the standard of the comic papers, he served that office with funenough, and poor Mr. Bog with more than enough.

He did not often say ill-natured things.

and then he takes her with him on his round, You won't see him here again this six weeks. He was married the weeks. He was married the very morning after he left here. He asked me to be present, but I could not go. Now, Mr. Rasper, how do you feel now? Your occupations gone. You will have nothing the haff him about." And Mr. Splutter, thickling very loudly, and rubbing his hands with glee, was retreating to his before the wedding."

"Known Mr. Bog before?" Mr. Rasper "Known Mr. Bog before." Mr. Rasper "Known Mr. Bog before."

but every wit must have his butt, his anvil—on which to hammer and sharpen his darts, and Mr. Bog did duty in that he read the editorial note about the tenth his time when she was up in London

Late of Kingston, Jamaica. Who is the same of the post of the p

rom all this worrying.

Twice a year Mr. Bog went on his travable for about a month at a time. For it able advent I will, for a little while, leave That is the story of how Mr. Bog mar-Mr. Rasper and the office.

out, and all of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office life.
"Now, Bog," Mr. Rasper would say, you must really try and manage it this bride were drawing near to an one of two of them were always one of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality, Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality, Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality, Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality. Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of them in turn had a pleasant relief from the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality. Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality. Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality. Mr. Bog's travels with his bride were drawing near to an one of the monotony of office in him on his return any small remains of honor and morality. While his own character was thus suf- very good indeed for Bog."

able to infer this much had we, without formally opened May 24, and the ceremo-It was one of Mr. Rafter's friendly as explanation or comment, merely com- nies promise to be more impressive than imptions that Mr. Bog had been reject- menced this closing chapter with the fol- any that have been held in the State of lowing letter, which Mr. Bog wrote from New York on any similar occasion since

Leicester girl who was recommended for a second trial.

My dear Mr. Splutter: I purpose being in town again on Tuesday evening to the President, Vice-President, and expression of the president Mr. Bog would answer in his stolid way that if she really did relent he would let Rasper know; and so they would part, and though they all missed Bog when he was on his travels, no one missed him more than Rasper, or was so glad as he to see him back again.

And thus the joke was repeated year after year, until at last Mr. Bog's case came to beconsidered by all of them so thoroughly hopeless that if he had come down some morning in a pink vest and lemon-colored to see them—well, glad we shall be glad to see them—well, glad we shall be glad to the considered by all of them so thoroughly hopeless that if he had come down some morning in a pink vest and lemon-colored to see them—well, glad we shall be glad to the cabinet officers, the members of both houses of Congress, the governor, lieutent to the governor of all the States and Territories in the Union, to the mayor and ex-mayors of New York, and the leading officials of both cities, as well as to the army and navy and to distinguished citizens from all over the country. Representatives of foreign powers in this country, distinguished foreigners, and

This letter, which came on Monday

The missile came by post, in the shape wrote on the back of that corner in red oration in behalf of Brooklyn, and it is of a newspaper, addressed to Mr. Ras- ink, "I shall go, and hope you all will," and sent it out to Mr. Rasper to be hand-

spite of the sentence of condemnation \$15,500,000. Mr. Rasper had unfolded it and looked it carelessly over—had read several items of local news, town council squabbles, sake of having an early sight of the bride, workhouse board meetings, and other and giving the bridegroom one chance of reinstating himself in their good graces. When the evening came, therefore, they the waste basket, when his eye caught took a couple of cabs and all went down sight of a couple of crosses evidently made together, Mr. Splutter, my father, Rasper, for the purpose of attracting attention. Gibbs, and all the rest of them—they hav-

or not, that before I could quite make up higher"; well, if they don't raise beer it drawing-room upstairs, for he was a man

doesn't matter to me. What does the old of some little means, and had everything the proof reader, and bobs up in some

"Known Mr. Bog before?" Mr. Rasper

with her cousin about a fortnight before Mr. Rasper's work, and his way of doing it, were, like his conversation, light and sprightly. He moved about with an elas-

"I'll be bound he'll bring her down to have cared if it had been." which must have been very welcome) the office in a short frock," said Mr. Ras- "Not at all," said Mrs. Bog; "I'm

> ried his wife on her tenth birthday. "Really, Rasper," said Mr. Splutter, as they walked home together. That was

The Brooklyn Bridge.

The reader would, indeed, have been The great Brooklyn bridge is to be chapter with the follary that have been held in the State of DO NOT FORCET be considered by all of them so thoroughly hopeless that if he had come down some morning in a pink vest and lemon-colored tights, no one would have thought it half so surprising as that he should really take Mr. Rasper's advice. Mr. Bog, indeed, at forty-five, was held by one and all to be utterly impervious to female blandishments.

Where will all take II, they will be glad to see them—well, glad we shall be; and and if they won't, we shall be sorry.

"Friday evening at seven, for what take Mr. Rasper's advice. Mr. Bog, indeed, at forty-five, was held by one and all to be utterly impervious to female blandishments."

Yours ever,

"T. F. B."

Representatives of foreign powers in this informal way that we shall be glad to see them—well, glad we shall be; and to see them—well, glad we shall be; and to see them—well, glad we shall be country, distinguished foreigners, and representatives of the presentatives of the presentatives of the Union will also be invited. The bridge committee will receive the guests in the main building at the entrance to the bridge on the Brooklyn side at 2 o'clock P. M. Half an hour later the bridge will be formally presented to the bridge will be formally presented to the bridge will be formally presented to the mayors of New York and Brooklyn by morning, was dealt with by Mr. Splutter President Kingsley of the bridge comexpected that the Hon. William M. Evarts will reply for New York. The bridge will d round.

The decision come to unanimously, in day. Its total cost thus far has been MCKITGAN Brothers & LIKE

The Tribune's Ghost. The columns of the New York Tribune Invite the citizens of Bloomfield and vicinity to are haunted by a ghost in the shape of a portion of the "slug" of a compositor portion of the "slug" of a compositor ported and Domestic Dry Goods, which they are named Bruce. This "slug," or thick lead, is the mark placed above the compositor's But even then he did not at once hit the ing agreed on a convenient point of meetBut even then he did not at once hit the ing agreed on a convenient point of meetparticular "slug" has been cut down into particular "slug" has been cut down left is that which contains the name. very comfortable about him.

"Well, Rasper," he said, after the first hand-shakings, "your constant droppings has worn away the stone at last, could not stone it stone at last. At last, however, he did find it, and was struck for a moment speechless.

"Well, by Jove," he said at last, "this is something, but I don't believe it. Here's Bog gone and put a notice in the paper to Bog gone and put a notice in the secon eccentric materializations in so carefully 50 cents per yard is growing in favor. edited a journal are very singular to the All departments will be found equally attractypographic eye.

He Didn't Know Him.

on Jamaica."

On Jamaica."

On Jamaica. Whereupon Bog, in his clumsy way, sparred at Rasper on the hearth-rug, as if that were not enough, a note appended, editorially appa
order; better say peace.

Whereupon Bog, in his clumsy way, leading out of Detroit the train had arrived and departed the other day, when if to demonstrate with what ease he could the station agent, who had been in the double him up.
"I shall think about it," said Rasper; place about three weeks and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit wedding from the fact of the bride being married—as we are permitted to state—on her tenth birthday.']"

"I small think about it, said tasper, for a call every nour to come with and before deciding, should like to see the charge of the line, was approached by a quiet, well-dressed man, my old Latin grammar used to call ansmoking a cigar, who asked:

Keep you pretty busy here?"
Yum," was the jerky reply.
Business on the increase?"

Yum," again. Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a turn on the platform. it; and a good deal of quiet fun went on it, of course. "Neither do I, said has somewhat over the initial age, wearing amidst the monotony of business. Many per, but it really is very fair for Bog. I spectacles, with a matronly look and a gent. "Have you got a patent car

> "I was going to tell you to go to thunder with it if you had. Want special freight rates, I suppose ?" No, sir."
> "I don't give any passes."

"I don't want any." Waiting for the next train?" Not particularly. Want to charter a car?"

The agent left him on the platform, and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked: "What's the salary of a position like

"That's my business," was the promp reply.
"What's the income from this station?

'Ask the baggageman."
'Your name is ———, isn't it?" "Suppose it is?"
"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the General Manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you."

THE first time you see two women kiss-Jamaica?" she said laughing; "I let day Rochester Express.

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